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**MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS**

You can't have a beautiful complexion if your blood is impure or if you suffer with indigestion or any stomach or liver ailment.

Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills regulate the bowels, correct indigestion, constipation, biliousness, torpid livers, jaundice, mallow and dull complexion. They purify the blood and clear the skin of pimples, sores and eruptions.

One pill is a gentle laxative; two pills a thorough physic. They do not grip, they do not weaken. Price 25c.

**MUNYON'S REMEDY CO.**  
 572 and Jefferson Sts., Phila., Pa.

**What Gold Cannot Buy**

By MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Wit," "Beaton's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

**No Need of Interference.**

The two neighbors who were passing the little cottage heard sounds as of a terrific conflict inside and stopped to listen.

Presently they heard a loud thump, as if somebody had fallen to the floor.

"Grogan is beating his wife again!" they said.

Hurting the door open they rushed into the house.

"What's the trouble here?" they demanded.

"There ain't no trouble, gentlemen," calmly answered Mrs. Grogan, who had her husband down and was sitting on his head. "Gwan"—Chicago Tribune.

**WOMEN'S KIDNEYS**

Are the Source of Most of Women's Sicknesses.

Mrs. Rebecca Mock, 1795 E. Rich Street, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I believe I would still be a victim of kidney troubles but for Doan's Kidney Pills, for when I started using them I was in constant pain with my back, and no other remedy had been of any use. The kidney secretions were irregular, and I was nervous and lacked energy. But Doan's Kidney Pills gave me prompt relief and continued use cured me."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Why Bread is Dear.**

The demand is greater than the supply, says James J. Hill in Outing. We have reached the end of our virgin wheat land and our yields are shrinking while our population is increasing. That is where conservation touches us practically; but we need not worry. Nature is going to take care of things. Necessity will push us and remedy matters in her own stern way if we do not mend our methods. When wheat does not average so much an acre it is not worth raising. Now consider a moment where this trend of things is landing us. Do you know how long it took England to mend her methods—to raise her averages from twelve and fifteen to twenty-five and thirty and forty bushels an acre? It took her almost fifty years. In fifty years what population will we have to feed? And we have not even begun to mend our methods. It is the supremely big question of the day. Shall we act now and save ourselves national disaster, or wait till necessity compels us—and then act? Compare agricultural interests to any other national interests to-day? What were the total returns from the farms of the United States last year? Seven billion dollars! Compare that to the returns from the forests—\$1,350,000; and our farm averages are not a third of what they ought to be, of what they could be made by simple rational methods. Other countries have tilled and quadrupled their yield. So could we.

**Wasted Endeavor.**

"Well, Uncle Zeb," said his neighbor, "your boy's come back from college, and I reckon he's got a good education."

"No," groaned Uncle Zeb. "Them four years is plumb wasted. I tried 'im on a railroad guide the other day, and he couldn't make head nor tail of it, any more'n the rest of us could!"—Chicago Tribune.

**England had to pay \$565,000 to have Czar Nicholas visit London in 1844. Of this \$565,000 was spent in redecorating Buckingham palace.**

**PRESSED HARD.**

Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

A superintendent of public schools in North Carolina says:

"My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker and had been troubled with her heart for a number of years, and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach."

"Some time ago, I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavour of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum."

"I was so pleased with it, that after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family liked it so well, that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely."

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us."

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but not in so marked a degree as in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs.

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

**CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)**

Hope looked at him with a very puzzled expression, then a smile parted her lips.

"I think you are all very curious people here," she said. "There are small signs of English reserve about you. But I don't want to hear any more confidences; so I shall leave you."

"This is too bad!—when I thought I should have a minute's talk with you in peace! Did you ever know anything so idiotic as Miss Dacre's dramatic attempt?"

"I thought you pronounced it 'splendidly generous!'"

"Well, so it was, considering how mad she was about Hugh herself a couple of years ago. It was a match that would have suited my aunt down to the ground, but he would never hear of it. Are you really going? Well, it is too bad of you! I hope you will not go over to this practicing-to-morrow? I am on duty, and have to return to quarters to-night."

"What I can or cannot do depends on Mrs. Saville. Good-by for the present."

She gave him her hand for a moment, and was gone.

With an air of extreme annoyance Captain Lumley, stepping through one of the open windows, followed the path taken by Miss Dacre.

The dinner at Inglesfield was very tranquil that evening. Mrs. Saville, her son, Hope Desmond and Mr. Rawson made up the whole party. Mrs. Saville looked ill; there were deep shadows under her eyes, and her face seemed smaller than usual; but she was unusually talkative and gracious.

She discussed politics with her guest, and occasionally directed her remarks to Hope. Mr. Saville contributed some rather original observations, and all things went smoothly. On leaving the table she said to Rawson: "I must leave you to Miss Desmond's care this evening, for I have a very bad headache; but I shall see you in the morning."

After a little conversation Mr. Saville went to look for some sketches he had taken of the Lincolnshire churches, and in his absence Mr. Rawson said, "Mrs. Saville is most friendly. She particularly wishes you to remain; she says you know when to be silent and when to speak; so I think things promise well. Go on as you have begun. She talks of going on the Continent in a month or two. You are, I imagine, firmly fixed in her good graces. This is having half your work done."

"Heaven grant it!" said Hope, with heartfelt earnestness; and soon they separated for the night.

**CHAPTER XI.**

"I think, Miss Desmond, I shall go abroad next week," said Mrs. Saville, breaking silence one dull, drizzling, depressing November day, when they were sitting by the fire in the smaller of the two drawing-rooms. Mrs. Saville had been in deep thought, and Hope diligently making a long strip of lace which usually occupied her when not reading aloud.

"Do you wish me to accompany you?"

"Yes, of course. You are very ready to leave me."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Saville; I should be sorry to do so; but I wish you to feel quite free. The secret of comfort in such a relationship as ours is that we are not bound to each other."

"There was another pause."

"Very likely," resumed Mrs. Saville, as if she had been reflecting. "However, I do not wish to part company as yet. I must say you are one of the few young women—indeed, young or old—who have any common sense, though your ideas on some points are by no means sound."

"What are my chief errors?" asked Hope, with the pleasant fearlessness which was one of her chief attractions to the imperious little plutocrat.

"You are a sentimentalist in some directions, and you do not recognize the true value of money. The first is weakness; the second, willful blindness."

"I dare say I am weak," returned Hope, laying down her work and speaking thoughtfully; "but do you know, Mrs. Saville, I think I have a truer estimate of the value of money than yourself?"

"How do you make that out?" Mrs. Saville spoke with some degree of interest.

"I know that a certain amount is necessary, that real poverty is degrading, that every right-minded individual will strive and toil for a sufficiency, enough to secure independence and respectability; but, after that, what can money buy? Not health, nor a sense of enjoyment, nor intelligence, nor the perception of beauty, nor that crown of life, love. Very moderate means will permit of fullest pleasure in all these, but they must be all the free gift of nature; gold cannot buy them."

"And with them all," returned Mrs. Saville, "you can never lift your head above the obscurity of a mean position, if you only possess moderate means."

"That does not seem a hardship to me. It is true I never knew what ambition meant, and therefore I am no fair judge of what is essential to an ambitious spirit; but men have attained to great power and yet had but little money."

"Not often—not often; while to women, with their more limited sphere, money is still more essential."

If every one was as philosophic as yourself, where should we be? Where would civilization, inventions, improvement, employment, be, if men did not haste to become rich?"

"But I do not object to people becoming rich, and I acknowledge that men who amass large fortunes are often benefactors to their fellows. I only urge that great wealth is not essential to individual happiness, and that men who increase knowledge and social improvement, who invent and explore, are benefactors equally with those who make the money which pays for it all."

"We are like the two knights who fought over the color of the shield, Miss Desmond. You must grant that if wealth cannot buy health it can at least mitigate suffering, and it certainly can buy esteem, if it cannot buy love. As to love, who feels it except the young and the imaginative? It is but another form of selfishness; some quality in another gratifies you or flatters you, and you think that person essential to your existence."

"There is something more in that than that," said Hope, gently; "you must know that. Did you never love any one yourself?"

"Yes; at least I thought I did, and small thanks I had for it. But I am not sure that my reason is not too strong for my affections."

"I think," said Hope, slowly, "that you could love very much." She stopped, and grew a little paler than usual. "Pardon me if I take a liberty in speaking my opinion."

"No; go on; you amuse me."

"We scarcely know what gifts we possess till circumstances call them out, and yours may not have drawn out your faculties in that direction. But I am quite sure the remarkable strength of your nature would make your love strong, too."

"Really, Miss Desmond, you are a profound student of human nature. Unfortunately for the development of my affections, I am not what is called a lovable person."

"No," said Hope, quietly, "not what a surface observer would call lovable; you are too contemptuous of weakness, which you cannot understand; but if steadiness of purpose, a sense of justice, honor, and loyalty, are worthy of love, you ought to be loved. When I came to you, my first inclination was to fear you, and I did not terminate to yield to it, or, if I found it insurmountable, to leave you. You cannot support the companionship of a spirit inferior to your own."

"And you consider yours equal to mine?" asked Mrs. Saville, with a slight smile.

"I do," returned Hope, steadily. "You are my superior in knowledge, in experience, in ability, in strength of will; but my opinions, my individuality, are my own; I will never yield them to the mere authority of any creature, even to one I respect as I do you. If, in speaking as I think, I offend, we are not bound to live together a moment longer than is agreeable. I may love you one day; I will never allow myself to fear you."

"You are rather a curious girl. I do not wish people to fear me. Why should they?"

"I do not suppose you do; but you have a dominant will, which wealth gives you the power to exercise, and it colors your manner."

"I have always been well served."

"No doubt."

"Well, Miss Desmond, you have interested me a good deal, and as you say, whenever I grow too tyrannical, or you grow too fearless, we can part company. At any rate, you are more of a rational being than most young women. Now as to my plans for this winter, I cannot stand being worried by the people I know in London, and my relations; so I propose going to Dresden, a town where one meets few English. I have had enough of my compatriots for the present. I shall come to Paris in the spring; and after that, that is too remote to think of. I had a letter this morning from Mrs. Dacre. She is staying in Yorkshire, at some wild country house, where she hunts and shoots in modern young lady fashion. She threatens to return here with her obedient father on the 7th, and that Miss George Lumley in her train. Lady Olivia writes that she prefers dear Mrs. Dacre shows with such girlish simplicity for dear George is quite touching. Of course the Lumleys are enchanted at the possibility of such a marriage. I wonder does it ever occur to them to count up the number of aspirants Miss Dacre has encouraged and thrown over? I do not myself quite understand why George Lumley hung about here so much. I fancy he was rather laughing at the future Baroness Castleton; and he is too much of a Saville to do what he doesn't like, even for a wealthy marriage."

"I must say, Mrs. Saville, that seems to me an erring in the right direction."

"I suppose it does, to you. To me it seems weak self-indulgence, when you consider the position George Lumley is born to, and which he is bound to keep up."

"What a terrible birthright!" returned Hope Desmond, laughing, as she resumed her lace-work, and tea coming in at that moment, the conversation was interrupted.

Hope had been for four months Mrs. Saville's constant companion, and, having got over the first almost overpowering inclination to fly from her awful presence, every day added to her steadiness of her nerve, and to her

influence with her wealthy patroness. She, too, rejoiced in Miss Dacre's departure for more brilliant fields of conquest, as her constant demands on her new confidante's time and sympathies were rather exhausting. The village concert had been a great success, but the practicalities which led up to it had been an equally great trial. Moreover, Captain Lumley's manners had caused her much annoyance. Preoccupied feeling had at first blinded her as to the true meaning of his attentions and efforts to escort her to and from the Court and Inglesfield House; while the self-confident busbar was enraged, piqued, and above all fascinated, by the friendly, kindly unconsciousness of his aunt's attractive companion. He had never met any thing like it before, and gradually prudence, worldliness, every consideration, became merged in an all-devouring desire to conquer the smiling indifference which baffled him, and to receive the endless slights he thought he had received. At last he had torn himself away, hoping to renew the attack with fresh effect on his return. Meanwhile, he ranked his batteries under a very overt flirtation with Miss Dacre.

Before starting for the Continent, Hope had leave of absence for two or three days, which she spent with her friend Miss Rawson. She went with a freshness to her spirit, an' after much confidential talk and some necessary shopping she returned to her post.

The welcome accorded her by the self-contained mistress of Inglesfield was warmer than she anticipated. Mrs. Saville had missed her pleasant companionship. Her presence soothed and satisfied the imperious woman. The sincere respect she evinced was so thoroughly a free-will offering that it was more flattering to Mrs. Saville than the most elegantly turned compliments from a luminary of fashion.

"You will go on and prosper, I have no doubt," were Mr. Rawson's parting words, the day before the intending traveler started, when he had come to Inglesfield on business.

"So far all goes fairly. If I can win Mrs. Saville's confidence so completely that she voluntarily mentions her offending gun, I shall think I have done well."

"It will be a long experiment, I fear; but you have twelve months before you."

"Yes; and who knows what a day may bring forth?"

Twenty-four hours later saw Mrs. Saville and her companion dining at Maurice's. In the former's youth the hotel had been the favorite quarters of the well-to-do English in Paris, and she never left it. Hope Desmond had often been in Paris before, but generally in very lofty placed and diminutive apartments; and her present luxurious surroundings did not please her as much as they saddened by the memories and contrasts they evoked.

After a few days' rest, Mrs. Saville set out for Germany, and in the quiet routine of her comfortable life there the current of this "over true tale" seemed to stagnate.

(To be continued.)

**"SCOTCH," A CANINE HERO.**

It is a touching story of canine fidelity which Enos A. Mills tells of his dog "Scotch" in "Wild Life on the Rockies." Master and dog had been out on a four days' excursion on the bleak mountain tops, when a little above timberline Mr. Mills stopped to take some photographs. To do this he had to take off his sheepskin mittens, which he placed in his coat pocket, but not securely, as it proved. He goes on:

From time to time, as I climbed the summit of the continental divide, I stopped to take photographs, but on the summit the cold pierced my silk gloves, and I felt for my mittens, to find that one of them was lost.

I stooped, put an arm round Scotch, and told him I had lost a mitten, and that I wanted him to go down for it to save me trouble.

"I have always been well served."

Instead of starting off willingly, as he had invariably done before in obedience to my commands, he stood still. I thought he had misunderstood me, so I patted him, and then, pointing down the slope, said, "Go for the mitten, Scotch. I will wait here for you."

He started for it, but went unwillingly. He had always served me so cheerfully that I could not understand, and it was not until late the next afternoon that I realized that he had not understood me, but that he had loyally, and at the risk of his life, tried to obey me.

My cabin, eighteen miles away, was the nearest house, and the region was utterly wild. I waited a reasonable time for Scotch to return, but he did not come back. As it was late in the afternoon, and growing colder, I decided to go on toward my cabin, along a route that I felt sure he would follow, and I reasoned that he would overtake me.

When at midnight he had not come, I felt something was wrong. I slept two hours and decided to go to meet him. The thermometer showed four below zero. I kept on going and at two in the afternoon, twenty-four hours after I had sent Scotch away, I passed on a crack and looked below. There in the snowy world of white he lay by the mitten in the snow. He had misunderstood me, and had gone back to guard the mitten instead of to get it.

After waiting for him to eat a luncheon, we started merrily toward home, where we arrived at one o'clock in the morning.

Had I not returned, I suppose Scotch would have died beside the mitten. In a region cold, cheerless, oppressive, without food, and perhaps to die, he lay down by the mitten because he understood that I told him to. In the annals of dog heroism, I know of no greater deed.

In the manufacture of perfume Italy consumes yearly 1,860 tons of orange blossoms, 1,000 tons of roses, as well as quantities of others for

influence with her wealthy patroness. She, too, rejoiced in Miss Dacre's departure for more brilliant fields of conquest, as her constant demands on her new confidante's time and sympathies were rather exhausting. The village concert had been a great success, but the practicalities which led up to it had been an equally great trial. Moreover, Captain Lumley's manners had caused her much annoyance. Preoccupied feeling had at first blinded her as to the true meaning of his attentions and efforts to escort her to and from the Court and Inglesfield House; while the self-confident busbar was enraged, piqued, and above all fascinated, by the friendly, kindly unconsciousness of his aunt's attractive companion. He had never met any thing like it before, and gradually prudence, worldliness, every consideration, became merged in an all-devouring desire to conquer the smiling indifference which baffled him, and to receive the endless slights he thought he had received. At last he had torn himself away, hoping to renew the attack with fresh effect on his return. Meanwhile, he ranked his batteries under a very overt flirtation with Miss Dacre.

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**THE HINDU SCHOOLBOY.**

The pupils in schools in India are much more amenable to discipline than English or American boys. Dr. T. L. Pennell, the author of "Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier," says that the Indian schoolboy has not yet lost the ancient traditional respect and love of the pupil for the master, and therefore wins the sympathy and interest of his instructor.

B. M. Foster and T. A. Dees returned home from Chentere au Tigre, an island south of Abbeville, a Houston Post's Lake Charles (La.) correspondent says. Great myriads of large mosquitoes caused the party to return home at once. Mr. Foster is authority for the statement that many head of cattle are being killed by the pests, and that the people of the island would suffer a like fate if they ventured out. Day and night the inhabitants are compelled to fight constantly against the little pests, and what small farm work is done on the island has been sadly neglected.

Mr. Foster says that the cattle on the island are usually be found in herds of about 100 each, but the mosquitoes have caused the animals to flock together for protection, and he saw one big herd with fully 10,000 animals hunched and bellowing with pain. The cattle, he says, keep moving to the windward to keep the pests off as much as possible. Occasionally they will become exhausted and fall to the ground, or a cow will stop to help its calf, only to meet a nasty death. Some animals Mr. Foster saw have actually been smothered to death by the great swarms of mosquitoes.

"No one who has not witnessed conditions on the island is able to form any idea of what the people and stock have suffered," concluded Mr. Foster.

**THIEVES TO CATCH THIEVES.**

Many Former Bandits Now in Mexico's Mounted Police.

The rurales or mounted police have pretty nearly put to rest brigandage. Several years ago the government recognized the wisdom of the old adage, "set a thief to catch a thief," and offered pardon and protection to all brigands who would enlist as rurales.

Most of them took advantage of the offer, writes Dillon Wallace in Outing, and with these men on the side of the law and order hold-ups soon became infrequent, and the rurales developed into a wonderfully efficient mounted force to hunt down bandits. They are fearless riders, they know every mountain pass and fastness, and when they once start after a man he is pretty sure to be caught or killed—generally killed.

The rurales of Mexico compare favorably in bravery and reckless daring with that wonderful organization, the northwest mounted police of Canada, and are by far the best armed force in Mexico. Their calling gives them opportunity for wild adventure, and thus satisfies the craving for a life of danger, which led many of them to be brigands in the first instance. They are a free and easy lot, quite in contrast to the peaceably inclined policemen of the towns and the slow moving, indolent soldier of the regular army.

A boy can make a little fish seem all right; he says you can eat the bones of a little fish and that the meat is sweeter.

Every man thinks that while others may be stingy or prodigal, he is just a happy medium.

**TRAMPS AND BUMS ARE DISTINCT CLASSES.**

By Terence V. Powderly.

There is a big difference between the man who is out of a job and cannot find one and the man who never had a job and would not take one if he could get it. A tramp is a man willing to work, but forced to go from place to place in search of it. A bum is a sot, a loafer and a drone who goes into hysteria at the mention of the word work. A hobo is an individual who goes on the theory that the world owes him a living and he is going to get it by hook or crook. The honest workman need take no offense at the criticism of the tramp class. The hobo or bum never worked and never will. He is the fellow whose motto is, "The world owes me a living." The honest workman knows that the world doesn't owe him a living unless he earns it.

The solution of the unemployed problem in the big cities is in the transportation of men who want to work to places where men are wanted for work. There is a crying demand for labor in this country. In the fields of the west and along the roads of the west there is a constant cry for men. In Chicago, New York and the other large cities there are thousands of good, hard-working men who could fill this need if they had the chance. The trouble is they haven't the money to get to the field of employment.

**EAST MUST NOT DOMINATE THE WEST.**

By Gov. John A. Johnson.

It is time that the West threw off the shackles of the East. We as an integral part of the American people should cast our influence and our votes not only to advance the material interests of our own particular section, but we should be broad enough and big enough to labor for the common good of our common country.

We have in the States west of the Mississippi the undoubted balance of power, no matter what name the national administration at Washington exists. In the years that have passed our population and our material wealth have not enjoyed that representation to which they are entitled, and, furthermore, our leaders have been content to follow in no small measure the leadership of men who represent relatively small constituencies and smaller commonwealths. It is time that the great northwest should come into its own and by the force of its energy, the ability of its sons and the co-operation of its various constituent parts exert an influence for good not only as to its own particular prosperity, but to that of the country at large, to which every element invites it.

**FEMININE BEAUTY AS NOW INTERPRETED.**

By Marcel Prevost.

Mrs. Howard Gould testified recently to the effect that a truly elegant woman ought not to wear the same gown twice, no matter how beautiful or expensive a gown it may be. The tendency towards almost inconceivable extravagance in dress is not surprising in view of the fact that society lays so much stress upon appearance rather than upon accomplishments. One of our first ultra-modern principles is that woman's attraction resides not so much in her spiritual and intellectual qualities, not in her beauty, but in her elegance. And by elegance is not meant the politeness and the harmony of her bearing and manners, but simply the way in which she "appears," the manner in which she is dressed.

To be beautiful in our day and age no longer means to possess beautiful features. Modern language and modern logic have changed the meaning and notion of this. Beauty to our modern notions is a thing not inherent, God given, but an external thing, dependent upon the purse, the tailor, and the milliner.

The artists who devote their lives to making new fashions and styles for the beautiful sex are racking their brains now to make up gowns for which they are to charge \$500, or hats for \$300. They do not plan such high priced gowns because of their own great cupidity, but because of their patrons' extravagance. Their best patrons demand such high priced gowns and hats.

**PROPER TIME TO LAUGH.**

Some Vaudeville Jokelets Which Age Cannot With.

Vaudeville is known as the "laugh trust," but not for the reason one might think. It gets the phrase because there are a certain definite number of devices in its category of acts that control the laughs of its audiences. Beauty to our modern notions is a thing not inherent, God given, but an external thing, dependent upon the purse, the tailor, and the milliner.

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**HELPING MOTHER PUT UP THE JAM.**

The pupils in schools in India are much more amenable to discipline than English or American boys. Dr. T. L. Pennell, the author of "Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier," says that the Indian schoolboy has not yet lost the ancient traditional respect and love of the pupil for the master, and therefore wins the sympathy and interest of his instructor.

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Mr. Foster says that the cattle on the island are usually be found in herds of about 100 each, but the mosquitoes have caused the animals to flock together for protection, and he saw one big herd with fully 10,000 animals hunched and bellowing with pain. The cattle, he says, keep moving to the windward to keep the pests off as much as possible. Occasionally they will become exhausted and fall to the ground, or a cow will stop to help its calf, only to meet a nasty death. Some animals Mr. Foster saw have actually been smothered to death by the great swarms of mosquitoes.

"No one who has not witnessed conditions on the island is able to form any idea of what the people and stock have suffered," concluded Mr. Foster.

**THIEVES TO CATCH THIEVES.**

Many Former Bandits Now in Mexico's Mounted Police.

The rurales or mounted police have pretty nearly put to rest brigandage. Several years ago the government recognized the wisdom of the old adage, "set a thief to catch a thief," and offered pardon and protection to all brigands who would enlist as rurales.

Most of them took advantage of the offer, writes Dillon Wallace in Outing, and with these men on the side of the law and order hold-ups soon became infrequent, and the rurales developed into a wonderfully efficient mounted force to hunt down bandits. They are fearless riders, they know every mountain pass and fastness, and when they once start after a man he is pretty sure to be caught or killed—generally killed.

The rurales of Mexico compare favorably in bravery and reckless daring with that wonderful organization, the northwest mounted police of Canada, and are by far the best armed force in Mexico. Their calling gives them opportunity for wild adventure, and thus satisfies the craving for a life of danger, which led many of them to be brigands in the first instance. They are a free and easy lot, quite in contrast to the peaceably inclined policemen of the towns and the slow moving, indolent soldier of the regular army.

A boy can make a little fish seem all right; he says you can eat the bones of a little fish and that the meat is sweeter.

Every man thinks that while others may be stingy or prodigal, he is just a happy medium.

**TRAMPS AND BUMS ARE DISTINCT CLASSES.**

By Terence V. Powderly.

There is a big difference between the man who is out of a job and cannot find one and the man who never had a job and would not take one if he could get it. A tramp is a man willing to work, but forced to go from place to place in search of it. A bum is a sot, a loafer and a drone who goes into hysteria at the mention of the word work. A hobo is an individual who goes on the theory that the world owes him a living and he is going to get it by hook or crook. The honest workman need take no offense at the criticism of the tramp class. The hobo or bum never worked and never will. He is the fellow whose motto is, "The world owes me a living." The honest workman knows that the world doesn't owe him a living unless he earns it.

The solution of the unemployed problem in the big cities is in the transportation of men who want to work to places where men are wanted for work. There is a crying demand for labor in this country. In the fields of the west and along the roads of the west there is a constant cry for men. In Chicago, New York and the other large cities there are thousands of good, hard-working men who could fill this need if they had the chance. The trouble is they haven't the money to get to the field of employment.

**EAST MUST NOT DOMINATE THE WEST.**

By Gov. John A. Johnson.

It is time that the West threw off the shackles of the East. We as an integral part of the American people should cast our influence and our votes not only to advance the material interests of our own particular section, but we should be broad enough and big enough to labor for the common good of our common country.

We have in the States west of the Mississippi the undoubted balance of power, no matter what name the national administration at Washington exists. In the years that have passed our population and our material wealth have not enjoyed that representation to which they are entitled, and, furthermore, our leaders have been content to follow in no small measure the leadership of men who represent relatively small constituencies and smaller commonwealths. It is time that the great northwest should come into its own and by the force of its energy, the ability of its sons and the co-operation of its various constituent parts exert an influence for good not only as to its own particular prosperity, but to that of the country at large, to which every element invites it.

**PROPER TIME TO LAUGH.**

Some Vaudeville Jokelets Which Age Cannot With.

Vaudeville is known as the "laugh trust," but not for the reason one might think. It gets the phrase because there are a certain definite number of devices in its category of acts that control the laughs of its audiences. Beauty to our modern notions is a thing not inherent, God given, but an external thing, dependent upon the purse, the tailor, and the milliner.

The artists who devote their lives to making new fashions and styles for the beautiful sex are racking their brains now to make up gowns for which they are to charge \$500, or hats for \$300. They do not plan such high priced gowns because of their own great cupidity, but because of their patrons' extravagance. Their best patrons demand such high priced gowns and hats.

**HELPING MOTHER PUT UP THE JAM.**

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